



The
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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927 by Mr. J. H. C. Brooking.
Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B.,
C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field Marshal
the Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are
interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership.
The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as
to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

The subscription is : Home Members, £1 5s. 0d. ; Overseas Members,
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Notes

The Book of the Hour

THE chorus of praise for the fourth volume of the ex-Premier's version of the war in which he was the chief figure is virtually unanimous, certainly as regards his selection and mastery of a vast aggregate of material, and the vivid recital of his own sensations in many a crucial hour. Although the bulk and importance of the work incapacitate the average reviewer—as has happened before—from covering more than a few of the chapters (and one haughty professor falls back upon the mild quip that the work is not "historical"), there are one or two critics who point out omissions of gravity in explanation, for instance, of the removal of Wavell and Auchinleck at Cairo.

The first was the irresistible advocate of complete preparation for big field operations; yet he had to obey orders without such readiness and retire in silence. Similarly, as Liddell Hart points out, Auchinleck had checked Rommel at Alamein, and yet he had to go, seemingly because he put the Wavell principle into force and insisted on waiting until mid-September. "Yet (as the critic points out) in the outcome the new commanders, Alexander and Montgomery, in-

sisted on waiting until late in October—and they got their way."

London's Gate

These matters come to mind because of the memorial rite the other day, when Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, who succeeded the Earl as Constable of the Tower of London, unveiled a tablet to his memory in the Chapel Royal of St. Peter ad Vincula, one of the Tower's most historic shrines. The dedication was performed by the chaplain, the Rev. R. M. la Porte-Payne, and seated immediately below were Lady Wavell and Major Earl Wavell (son and successor), with other members of the family. The following week, by the way, a memorial was unveiled to another Constable of the Tower, the late Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, whose term as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India (1930-35) links him in our remembrance with the Earl, our former President, and his years as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. Such names and records dispel some of the dismal shadows clustering about the grim old keep that is not only the gate to London and its river, but one of the most impressive approaches to English history.

Kipling's Line

The inscription on the Earl's tablet, "Glory is the least of things which follow this man home," is specially apposite because of his lifelong passion for Kipling's poetry, as we well remember from his thoughtful and eloquent lecture to us a few years ago, and still more, from the place it occupies in his masterly anthology. To do Mr. Churchill justice, he cites him in Volume IV, where he treats the Russian dilemma confronting himself when Hitler's crash upon Europe altered the aspect of that northern power which, as Mr. Churchill admits, he

had regarded as the mortal foe of civilized freedom. What was it my duty to say to them now? General Wavell, who had literary inclinations, summed it all up in a poem. There were several verses, and the last line of each was :

"No Second Front in nineteen
forty-two."

Rightly enough, Mr. Churchill relates how he took this decision, and had it all out face to face with Stalin. Here comes in a passage which shows him, as *The Times Literary Supplement* says, "as a reporter of genius."

Interesting Parallel

But some of us, with all our admiration for the Organiser of Victory, and our hearty thanks as its most popular recorder, could spare some of his brilliant anecdote and play of fancy for a paragraph such as we need not indicate. And if Mr. Churchill should perchance bring that much-desired explanation into Volume V, which he has now gone abroad to write, he might do worse than follow the

line he has taken to express defence of his own protégé and nominee, General Hobart² who affords a singular parallel. He was the possessor of special ability of the utmost value in the hour of need, as Mr. Churchill urges, and yet he was removed from the command of the 11th Armoured Division, which proved, as Captain Liddell Hart says, "the best-trained of all in Normandy." There were grievous errors, as the same critic points out, and it was the absence of such knowledge that accounted for many.

How History Repeats

Our aim may be defined as patriotism rather than politics. But it is not easy to follow in the footsteps of R.K. without sharing his deep and abiding distrust of the Slav in all his phases. Nor, be it said, has any nation ever gone to further lengths to turn goodwill into justifiable dislike than Russia has done with us since the war. At any rate, in the light of world events, nothing is clearer than that half a century ago Kipling was a veritable prophet. Accordingly, the crowd was more occupied with laughing at his pillorying of its favourite sports than open-minded as to the truths he uttered so fervently about the Northern Bear. One of the first Transatlantic writers to note this is the columnist of the *New York Times* who handled Robert Trumbull's dispatch from New Delhi months ago concerning Russian spy parties at work in Tibet. As a cutting forwarded by Mr. Carl Naumburg indicates, these operators were surveying

the Himalayan passes with a view to projecting air bases, and, as we realise today, the benefit was certainly not for India. Moreover, the intelligence officer at work for the Western Powers had to be content with a bare story in his paper with the details suppressed. But he registered his envy of Kipling's freedom of speech in a decade when the Durand strategy line was coming to life, and the Bear going back to his cage. Finally, the commentator in the cutting goes a trifle deeper than most cuttings as a rule when he remarks that

The sense of history is a vital ingredient in any adequate consideration of the present and the future. Sometimes—as here—it conveys an added reward in the recollection of a rich, if romantic, parallel.

Sham and Reality

Another item from our invaluable Western friend is a snippet from the leader page of the *Washington Post* by Richard L. Coe. It contrasts the vigour and freshness of 'Soldiers Three' as the author turned it out, with the recent asphyxiated version in "a decidedly low-level screen play." He goes on to instance how the original names of the highly original trio are converted into common-places, adventures degraded into beer-brawls, and "chucking sophomoric Indian maidens under the chin" is substituted for the hero's daring exploit of "saving the glory of the regiment by risking his life and losing his sergeant's stripes." Had this vulgarisation been amusing, Mr. Coe continues, it

might have been pardonable, but one is almost free to assume that the motive was to "demolish Kipling's repute as a writer, and to add to the present distrust between Britain and the American screen concerns." It is pleasant to add that the article ends with the mention of a signal exception, namely, the imported film, "Operation Disaster," dealing handsomely with our Navy. Truly, nobody can tell us what Kipling might have had to say about our Atlantic strength being under American command, but it will do no harm to show our allies how our lads in blue bear themselves in time of storm or trouble.

Tale of Two Gardens

In drawing attention to the account on the next page of the Rottingdean Festival, which I visited and enjoyed to the full, let me urge those who have a regard for genuine Kiplingiana to capture, purchase or borrow the admirable shilling programme prepared for the event. It conveys by its pictures the fairy-tale manner in which, once upon a time, the village humped itself on a Channel cliff, and has hung on somehow or other ever since. Nor has it ever looked more "pretty well, thank ye kindly" than it does to-day. It may have been some of that self-same fairy-tale charm that caught our poet's heart in the days that were earlier, and kept him happy and busy with brain and pen until the human wasps from half a dozen points of the compass buzzed him away back to Burwash on the county's inland

border. But in Bateman's, that stately ironmaster's house, built in 1631, with its quaint Dutch furniture, and roseries and gardens among water-meadows by the acre, there is never a trace of the cliff-top domesticity embodied in a letter displayed in a glass case which I noted with delight. One is forbidden to quote without permission, but, at any rate, it records R.K.'s triumph—con-

scious and avowed—at trundling his new-born son in a pram up and down and across Rottingdean Green. The gulfs of difference between that simple avowal and another letter where he represses into unemotional terms his sorrow at that son's loss, I confess, brought tears to my tired old eyes—and I'll wager I was not the only one.

J. P. COLLINS.

Festival of Rottingdean

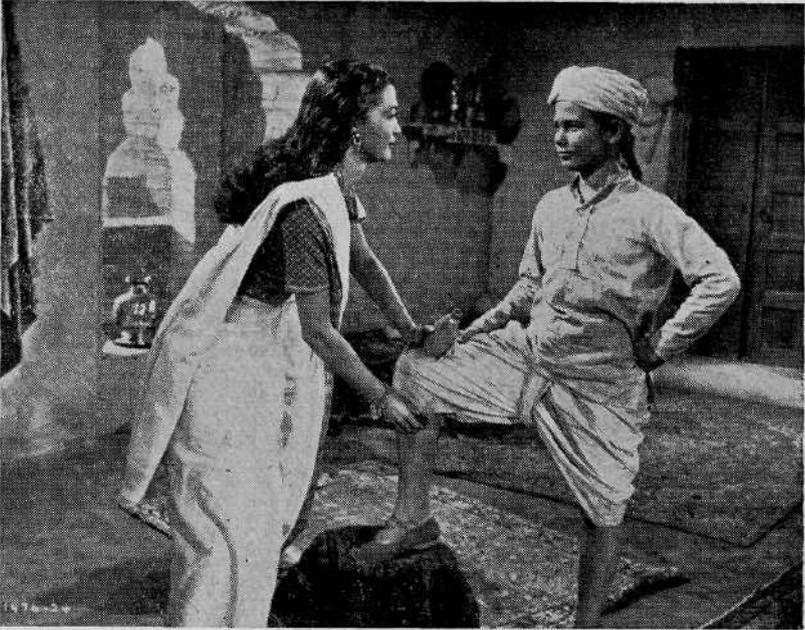
An Exhibition held in R.K.'s former Home

IT is not surprising that Rottingdean's contribution to the Festival of Britain should devote a great part of its interesting and original programme (to be exact, one third) to the connection between that picturesque little English village and Rudyard Kipling. As we all know, Kipling lived in The Elms, overlooking the village green, from 1897 to 1902. The Elms is now the property of Sir Roderick Jones, one of the Vice-Presidents of our Society, who himself lives in North End House, within a stone's throw of Kipling's old home. It was the residence of Sir Edward Burne-Jones from 1880 to 1898. Needless to say, to Sir Roderick's kind and enthusiastic support, the Kipling section of the Festival owes a great deal.

Rottingdean's Festival, which was open every Wednesday and Friday from July 18 to August 24th, was organised by Mrs. Ernest Beard, the tenant of The Elms, and Chairman of the Festival Committee, who was ably supported by Mr. H. E. Blyth, who brought all his enthusiasm and skill to

bear on the undertaking as the Honorary Secretary. The display, which was tastefully laid out in The Elms, consisted of a large number of rare and interesting books of Kipling and of portraits, pictures, letters and other *Kiplingiana*, most of which were seen for the first time by the general public.

An excellent catalogue of all these items and of the other Festival activities was available. It contains the following note for the information of visitors:—"At The Elms, Kipling wrote *Kim*, *Stalky & Co.* and most of the *Just-So Stories*, which he related with gusto to his own children and to his Mackail and Baldwin cousins. Here in 1897 he also wrote his greatest poem—*Recessional*. Kipling's dislike of publicity gradually made The Elms unbearable, for sightseers from Brighton gave him no peace, and so—in 1902—he left Rottingdean for ever and sought *out* the solitude of Bateman's, at Burwash, where he lived for the remainder of his life."



"KIM, THE ORPHAN"

who prefers danger of alley and bazaar to the boredom of the classroom, being disguised as a low-caste Hindu boy before setting out for adventure. The film rôle is played by Dean Stockwell. [Photo by courtesy M.G.M. Pictures.]

Kipling's "Kim"

"Little Friend of all the World"

by J. K. Stanford

KIM! What richness lies behind that brief title, which only those who served in India up to 1947 can realise! It is sad to think the modern boy may not only find a copy of *Kim* difficult to procure but will, probably, never be lucky enough to see the bizarre, gorgeous canvas of Upper India which was *Kim's*, and Rudyard Kipling's, world, in the days before Pakistan was conceived, when the Queen's Peace lay over the whole sub-continent.

Kim has been called Kipling's "greatest achievement in prose."

In *Something of Myself* he has told how the story, of an Irish orphan reared in Lahore bazaar, came to him "vaguely" in America, long after he had left India for good, and was put away for years while he "went after other things." Later in England "in a gloomy windy autumn, *Kim* came back to me," he says, "with insistence, and I took it to be smoked over with my Father. Under our united tobaccos it grew like the Djinn released from the brass bottle." And when they had conjured it up, in all its "opulence of detail," Kipling's mother reminded him



MAHBUB ALI
the "bullying, red-bearded horse-dealer,"
friend of Kim, and secret agent for the Indian
Government. This photograph, taken from the
film, shows Errol Flynn as Mahbub Ali.
(Here, the actor's "goatee" replaces the "long
straggly red beard" of the original.)
[Photo by courtesy M.G.M. Pictures.]

that he "couldn't make a plot to save his soul!" So gradually between Rottingdean, where he then lived, and Tisbury in Wiltshire, where lived his father, Lockwood Kipling, ex-Curator of Lahore Museum, the story was born, and illustrated by the elder Kipling with home-made "low-relief plaques." It ran into twenty-seven editions in twenty years.

A Labour of Love

"*Kim*" he says of its writing, "took care of himself. The only trouble was to keep him in bounds." It was clearly a labour of love, a story of the real life of India, far removed from that of the ruling Anglo-Indian classes, and

written "from the inside out" and not the other way round. Few writers on India have ever depicted more than superficial aspects of the Indian scene. In *Kim* Kipling described the small-talk, the food, the clothing, the manners and customs of a score of castes, going about their ordinary lives. No writer that I know could have imagined, much less described, a conversation in a third-class railway carriage between a Sikh artisan, a Jat cultivator, a Hindu moneylender, an Amritsar courtesan and a Buddhist lama from Tibet.

Kipling could make that wholly convincing. And the craftsman in him must have revelled in the richness of detail, the blend of East and West, old and new, of Indian magic and simple beauty, of intrigue and piety, of bazaar-smells and talk of the Grand Trunk Road, and the final breathless journey of Kim and the lama into the Upper Indus gorges. Small wonder he could write later that *Kim* was a book in which "there was a good deal of beauty and not a little wisdom." More than one dyed-in-the-wool administrator has confessed to me that, after years of Indian service, working with and for Indians of every type, it was *Kim* which first opened his eyes to much of the richness around him, in the life of simple folk.

To Kipling himself *Kim* was "nakedly picaresque and plotless," but through it all runs a thrilling plot, of secret service around the Frontier. Kimball O'Hara is the orphan of an Irish colour-sergeant, "a poor white of the very poorest," brought up in the bazaar, and having "known all evil since he could speak." Kim's drunken father had always prophesied that one day Kim would encounter his old regiment. But the boy, loafing near Lahore Museum, meets first an aged lama from Tibet, and follows him as

his disciple in his pilgrimage to the sacred places of Buddhism and in search of a river which washes away sin.

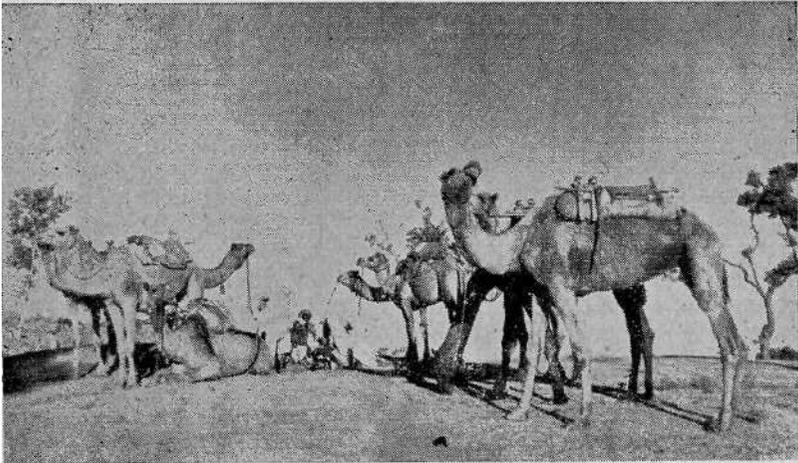
On their way to Benares, Mahbub Ali, a Pathan horse-dealing friend of Kim's, and also an agent of the Secret Service, utilises the boy to convey an urgent message to a Colonel in Umballa. Kim, after delivering it, hears the Commander-in-Chief (etched with great clarity in a few paragraphs), give the order for a punitive expedition. Kim realises that he has brought "big news."

On the Grand Trunk Road

Then he and the lama start on their wanderings, and there is a magical description of the ever-shifting life of the Grand Trunk Road at morning and evening. And only a day later they meet with a marching Irish regiment. The prophecy of Kim's father comes true. Kim is caught eavesdropping at night outside the mess tent and is identified by the papers *on* him. Beggar-like, he extracts profit in the regiment from

the "big news" of the frontier expedition. The regiment departs to war and Kim is torn unwillingly from his lama, for education at a Catholic school in Lucknow. But Mahbub Ali, and the Colonel Creighton to whom Kim has carried Mahbub's despatch, realise his future possibilities as a secret agent and he is trained for such work.

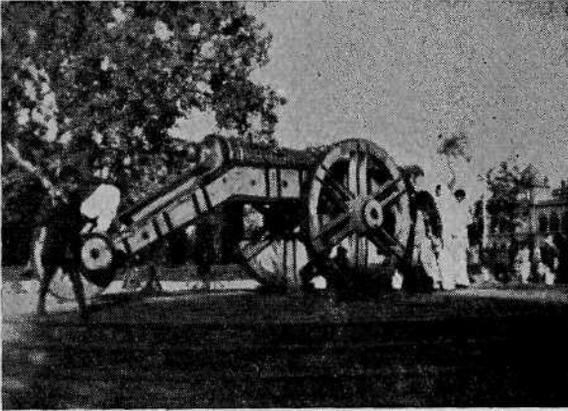
The rest of the book is the story of his education, of his holidays in disguise, sometimes alone, sometimes with the lama or Mahbub Ali, of how he saves the horse-dealer's life, and later that of another agent in a train of his final polish, in the house of Mr. Lurgan at Simla, for the work he has to do, and of his first "mission," as it would be called nowadays, in pursuit of Russian and a French spy who have come down from the Kara-Koram. (It is curious, in the endless repetition of history, to realise that the Russian menace through Afghanistan was an ever-present cloud on the placid horizon of the 'nineties.)



CAMELS BY THE GRAND TRUNK ROAD

"the backbone of all Hind," running straight for fifteen hundred miles.

[Photo by courtesy M.G.M. Pictures.]



" KIM'S GUN "

or the "Zam-Zama"—a familiar sight opposite the Lahore Museum, Upper Mall, Lahore, Pakistan.
[Photo sent by Capt. M. J. Preston.]

Character Portraits

I have given but the barest outline of this "plotless" tale. Many of the portraits in it are unforgettable; Kim himself, the casteless vagrant who is yet Friend of All the World, growing into responsible manhood, the simple lama, a man of unmistakable dignity and purpose expounding the Wheel of Life, Mahbub Ali, and another secret agent, Hurree Chunder Mookerjee from Dacca, the "verree fearful" *babu* who yet performs astounding feats of bravery and endurance, and whose hobby is collecting "folklore for the Royal Society with a lively belief in all Powers of Darkness," the Protestant and the Catholic chaplains of the Irish regiment, and the Ranees from Kulu: a "King's widow" with her warm heart and ceaseless chatter. And behind them are a rich host of lesser beings, hillmen, priests, dancing-girls, cultivators, bazaar-sellers, pensioners and others, etched in the minutest of loving detail. Among them Kim wanders from the Kashmir Serai in Lahore to Umballa and Saharanpore and Lucknow, Delhi and Patiala and

Bikanir, to Simla and Quetta, and Bombay, and through the Doon, up to the Himàl. And all are envisaged, not as a European would see them, but through the eyes of a semi-native youth.

It has constantly been said by critics that Kipling was a brutal, insincere writer, whose theme was the Imperialism of the *Pukka Sahib*. If

any answer was needed to that charge, it is surely in Kim. And under the rich picture of native life, is the story of the affection between the gentle old lama and Kim, and their search for a River of Healing which is at last rewarded.

As all the world knows, *Kim* has recently been filmed at actual sites in India itself in Technicolor. Those who recall *Something of Myself*, with the remarks made by its author on Super-film Magnates and the sex-appeal in the life of a "happily married lady cod-fish," cannot help imagining Kipling, wherever he is, chuckling inexhaustibly over that film. It is not only Errol Flynn, who, with close-cropped red hair and a wispy beard, delights to call himself "Ma Boobly," nor the aged pundit with a *chi-chi* accent who explains that the Sub-Continent in the days of the Queen's Peace was torn by the strife and dissension inseparable from British rule. It is in the complete disregard for so much of the detail which Kipling gathered and portrayed so lovingly. Hurree Babu is a wheat-coloured old

gentleman with a great white beard like Father Christmas. There are elephants tethered in the Lahore *serai*, and many of Kipling's most dramatic scenes, have sunk without a trace, while the picture of Kim and "Ma Booby" shooting it out on a hilltop with bandits, and then causing an avalanche, is pure Hollywood. But the bazaar scenes and the picture of the hurrying life of the Road are excellent, and the film is bound to appeal to those who know nothing of the book. Indeed, in one detail, Hollywood has supplied a more convincing end to the lama's search than the book does, the picture

of the lama in a trance among stony hills suddenly seeing his River of the Arrow opening out before him as he dies.

But, and I hate to say it, it reminds me of the brandy one used to buy in India's bazaars which was labelled in tiny letters "best potato spirit mixed with Finest Liqueur Brandy." And students of Kipling will not, I think, be among the film's devotees.

[This article is reproduced from Overseas, with additions by the author. We also acknowledge with thanks the loan of the blocks of the illustrations]

Poet of Empire

A New Judgement on Kipling

by Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E.

[The following text of a talk entitled "Poet of Empire: A New Judgement on Kipling," broadcast an Empire Day by Sir Roderick Jones, in the B.B.C.'s General Overseas Service, is reproduced by permission.]

DURING the Boer War I knew Kipling only at a distance, myself a young Reuter correspondent, Kipling already world famous. But when, after the war, I was sent back to South Africa at the age of twenty-seven to take charge of Reuters, he suddenly announced himself one morning in the Reuter building in Cape Town to congratulate me. Shaggily dressed, and swinging by its cord a linen bag of Boer tobacco just bought round the corner, he walked, or rather, he romped into my room. He filled his pipe and talked with the ready intimacy that hid what, later, I felt to be a shyness of intimacy with the world.

Rhodes built Kipling a charming house on the slopes of Table Mountain, the Woolsack. There I used to lunch and dine from time to time. A frequent fellow guest was his great friend, Jameson, about whom he wrote "IF"

—Jameson, once the Raider, now miraculously the Prime Minister of the Cape.

Jameson I had first met as a prisoner arriving in Pretoria after his defeat by the Boers at Doornkop. We became great friends.

I saw Kipling frequently during his protracted visits to South Africa and during mine to England. He must have felt well towards me. He did many kind acts. I was Master of the Cape Hunt. He arranged a draft of hounds from Lord Bathurst's pack to reinforce the blood of my largely Cape-bred pack.

He had genuine enthusiasms, and was very willing to share them. His talk, often elliptical, was vigorous and held one; it had a gay turn, in later days without gaiety.

After he left The Elms at Rottingdean, he settled at Batemans, deep

hidden in the little valley below Burwash; when first he showed me over it and the dependent farmland he talked eagerly, and he lighted up the place with romantic Sussex legends.

Some years later I bought The Elms to preserve it. He and Mrs. Kipling would come over to Rottingdean in their old fashioned Rolls to tea at the Burne-Jones house where we lived and where their only son, John, was born. There he would tell my children Smugglers' Stories of The Elms.

My daughter was his godchild. He made her a present of a field he owned on the cliffs at Rottingdean. But when we went to inspect the field with him it had dropped into the sea! He was very struck by this!

Just as he loved children so Kipling loved dogs. Over a dog he made to me one of his so rare intimate remarks. Our bull bitch had become dangerously jealous of our first baby, his god-daughter. I offered the dog to him. But on reflection he wrote sadly that he could not accept it. He recalled a

bulldog at the Woolsack which a little boy used to feed with currant buns and then rashly extract the currants from the animal's mouth. Regretfully he must refuse my dog; it would awaken memories! The boy was John, Irish Guards, killed in Flanders in 1915, the abiding grief of Kipling's life

One night in London Kipling and I were late diners at our favourite Orb the Beefsteak. We had been elected together years before. Left alone, we talked until closing time. He looked unusually well, though he had recently been ill. I, on the contrary, he said in that schoolboy language of his, looked "tucked up." I was overworking; I must take a long rest!

The following week I went with my family for our yearly ski-ing holiday. In the depths of the Alps we heard on the wireless that Kipling was dead. He it was, alas, who that night at the Beefsteak was destined for the long rest.

Colonel H. Grant-Taylor

IT is with regret that we learn, at this late date, of the death of one of our members, Colonel H. Grant-Taylor, around whose career, Kipling, if he still lived, could weave a story of adventure and fun.

Short and plump, with wry face and heavy glasses, Grant-Taylor was a Dickensian character who will be hard to replace. Known throughout the world, he was an expert in the short-range weapons of today. America knew him when suffering from the gangster menaces of Al Capone and

others like him. England knew him when he trained and operated with Commandos in the last war. The Japanese knew him from the results produced by his trained gunmen from India. His other exploits in Egypt, Palestine and the Caucasus would provide material for a Baroness Orczy thriller.

He died of typhoid in Quetta on August 22nd, 1950, as he lived, with a smile and a joke, leaving behind a widow and a host of friends in all corners of the world.

Rudyard Kipling's Verse

by G. E. Fox

IN the "Definitive" edition of the poems, published after Kipling's death, "The Hymn of Breaking Strain" is placed in the body of the book, whereas, to my mind, it should have been placed at the very end. It was in fact the last poem he wrote, or anyway, published. It appeared in one of our trade journals—"The Builder," if I remember rightly—some ten months before his death, and was evidently written under the stress or strain he may himself have been enduring. The Hymn has proved a help to many of those unable to put into words their own experiences otherwise.

Then we have "The Gods of the Copybook Headings" written as long ago as 1919, a wonderful piece of common sense, truth and prophecy which every lover of our poet might well ponder over today. I refrain from quoting though to do so is tempting.

"The Comforters" is a further discovery of R.K.'s own feelings. An uncle of mine used to exclaim, "My God, how I hate a fool!" and how the man who wrote these striking lines would have echoed his sentiments.

"My new-cut ashlar takes the light" was written in Westminster Abbey after he had completed "Life's Handicap."

"L'Envoi" was his cherished form of giving vent to his feelings after writing prose for his bread and butter. "The bitter paths wherein I stray!" Another example of this will be found in "The Smoke upon your Altar dies." He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

In "Natural Theology" we have an example of Kipling's contempt for those who are for ever blaming the Almighty for troubles which they have brought on themselves by their own folly. "I am an Atheist now and for ever, because this God has afflicted me!" What a contradiction in terms!

"The Story of Ung" is in lighter vein and is, I feel certain, autobiographical. Did not Mulvaney call him "Misther Kiplung" and didn't some of the stupid ones quibble at his *Jungle Stories* and say, practically, "How does the Picture Man know?" Is it not true that his father told him not to be so touchy but to accept the praise and the rewards, even to mammoth editions?

"In the Neolithic Age" is somewhat on the same lines but it was his Totem and not his father who taught him that "there are nine and sixty ways of constructing Tribal Lays" and this poem too teaches us wisdom. Take "The King," for instance. Romance brought up the 9.15 and it brought up R.K. too. Then does not our Picture Man express in "The Palace" the feelings of those, from the beginning of time, who have built of their best and failed, but know that their work will bear fruit all the same? One may read heaps of Kipling's self-revealing verse a dozen times over and yet not discover the secret. Turning now to "Giffin's Debt," 'I fancy this little story may have been founded on fact. Commit it to memory and we still find an undercurrent to weep over!

"The Sons of Martha," like the "Prodigal Son—Western Version" and all those others based on Bible

stories, have been characterised as blasphemous by some who have eyes yet see not. Good Heavens! as Dr. Grantley would have exclaimed, Why, the man "knew enough to annotate the Bible verse by verse" and the sanctimonious are not fit to lick Kipling's boots!

In order thoroughly to enjoy "Sussex" I suppose one must know that lovely county from end to end and it is the same with that other poem, "The Land." I have never seen Burwash, and yet what a picture we get of old Hobden whom, having lived in Kent for years, I feel I know personally.

It is a far cry from Sussex, where Kipling spent his last years, to India where he spent much of his youth, and our members who have studied India or lived there will naturally know more about it than the rest of us. But surely "Christmas in India" gives us a vivid sketch of our exiles there in the eighteen seventies and eighties, while the "Ballad of East and West" may have been founded on fact. It is said that "Pagett, M.P." was a take-off on a Mr. Caine and it cannot be wondered at that Kipling longed for another such fool to be "delivered into his hand!" Mention must also be made of "The Last Department" where "One who wrote on phosphates for the crops" became subject matter of his own report, and R.K. displayed his own modesty in concluding that "Five hundred men can take your place or mine."

From India to the United States is another jump and it is likely that many Americans never forgave our Poet for writing "The Vineyard." It was a most cutting condemnation of their slackness and cool cheek at the time, however much they have made up for it since. "The Secret of the Machines," "The Conundrum of the Workshops" and "Mulholland's Contract" are worth study if only as indicating how Kipling could make himself the master in any side of life he chose to depict; while once again in "Seven Watchmen sitting in a Tower" he gave us insight into his own spirit, "The Kingdom is within you, said the man's own mind to the Man." In "The Prayer," too, we learn that he believed in a Universal God, and he admits his own unanswered agonies.

"The Way through the Woods" and "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' Lyre" must just be mentioned and I wish someone would tell me an example of Kipling's self-accusation of plagiarism.

Finally, we all remember "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted," in which R.K. gave us his own ideal state. Perhaps, after an æon or two, he will continue to draw the thing as he sees it in his own separate Star.

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Kipling Research

In the University of Texas

IN acknowledging the receipt of a file of *The Kipling Journal*, Professor A. W. Yeats, of the Department of English in the University of Texas, says, "The *Journal* contains a wealth of information which no Kipling scholar can afford to ignore, and thus I am appreciative of the acquisition as well as the contents."

It is the Professor's intention to carry on Kipling research "for the next several years" and he is making arrangements to buy a complete file of the *Journal*, or "as much of one as it is possible to procure."

"One of the most influential factors," he writes, "in keeping any author's works alive is the appreciative study they receive at the hands of teaching scholars, because their enthusiasms in one way or another are taken over by their students. Kipling research in American universities has, as you know, lagged seriously these past twenty years, but this year shows more new work begun in Kipling than has been done in the preceding 15 years. It is a hopeful sign. Furthermore Kipling's reputation has never been so seriously eclipsed in America as it has been in England. We seem to regard Kipling more as a man of literature, while, if I am able to judge from this distance, the English people have confused his literary with his political significance.

"Consequently, for fear that you may not have such information readily available, I am summarising below the Kipling research recently completed and that recently begun. This is a world-wide study, and, as you will note, includes British scholarship."

SOURCES OF INFORMATION :

(1) DOCTORAL DISSERTATIONS ACCEPTED

BY AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES, NOS. 7-17. The H. W. Wilson Company, New York N.Y.

(2) PUBLICATIONS OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION, April issues of 1940-1951.

KIPLING RESEARCH COMPLETED SINCE 1939:

Ann M. Weygandt. KIPLING'S READINGS AND ITS INFLUENCE ON HIS POETRY. Philadelphia : University of Pennsylvania Press, 1939. (Doctoral dissertation.) (Published.)

Donald L. Hill. THE CHANGES IN KIPLING'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE HOME ENGLISH, 1882-1903. Urbana : The University of Illinois, 1948. (Doctoral dissertation.)

Israel Kaplin. KIPLING'S FROM SEA TO SEA. Ithaca, N.Y. : Cornell University Press, 1950. (Doctoral dissertation.)

Israel Kaplin. KIPLING'S AMERICAN NOTES AND MARK TWAIN INTERVIEW, Papers of the Biographical Society of America, xlv, pp. 69-73. (An account of the circumstances of publication.)

KIPLING RESEARCH IN PROGRESS 1951 (Incomplete or Unpublished) :

(a) Works begun before this year—
Daniel Goodfriend. KIPLING. Liege University. (Doctoral dissertation.)

William Weld, Jr. KIPLING'S FRENCH VOGUE. Columbia University. (Doctoral dissertation.)

(b) Doctoral Research begun 1951—
S. Husain. A RE-EVALUATION OF KIPLING. Nottingham University, England.

- M. Leaud. THE POETRY OF KIPLING. Poitiers University, France (?).
- J. M. S. Tompkins. A STUDY OF SOME OF THE THEORIES AND THEIR FORMAL EXPRESSION IN KIPLING'S STORIES. Royal Holloway College, London.
- H. Leland Varley. A CRITICAL STUDY OF KIPLING, ESPECIALLY HIS LATER WORK. University of Wisconsin.
- A. W. Yeats. KIPLING'S CONCEPT OF LITERARY ART AND HIS METHODS OF COMPOSITION. University of Texas.

Review

The Liberal Imagination

by Lionel Trilling. (London : Secker & Warburg, 1951. 15s.)

AMONG this collection of essays there is one devoted to Kipling which, in outlook, suggests that the book has been rightly named. Ever since the genius of Kipling burst into flame some sixty-odd years ago, we have had much of the same kind of talk from critics of a certain school, so we do not find much that is new. "Indians naturally have no patience whatever with Kipling" is one of the *obiter dicta*; it would be more correct to say that many of the most vocal of Mr. Nehru's followers do not like the truthful realism which Kipling gives in his work, even in *Kim* (Mr. Trilling, by the way, refers to Colonel Creighton as "Colonel Strickland"). H. G. Wells is quoted as breaking the spell of *Stalky & Co.*; a greater than he—A. C. Benson—tried to do this rather earlier, and also without success; neither of them realised, nor does Mr. Trilling, that this collection of tales was not intended as a typical example of the ordinary school story. Politics apart, the most striking difference between Kipling and Wells is that the former does not allow sex to take a prominent place in his work. We are informed that "the Wellsian liberalism took hold, and Shaw offered a new romance of wit and intellect; one cannot entirely agree with the statement :

"In his *Outline of History* Wells connected the doings of Stalky, M'Turk, and Beetle with British Imperialism, and he characterized both in a way that made one see how much callousness, arrogance, and brutality one had been willing to accept. From then on the disenchantment grew." Possibly true, but it may be asked if this change has tended to any improvement; the records of juvenile crime seem to cast a doubt on it. *En suite*, if the present state of the world be a standard by which to judge modern conditions, is the 'brutality' in Kipling's prose and verse to be lightly set aside for the verbosity of Shaw?

On the political side (note that Kipling is always held up to ridicule by the high-brows for being a Conservative, while Shaw—Wells, too—is acclaimed, in the literary sense, for being a Socialist) we read this :—"His toryism often had in it a lower-middle-class snarl of defeated gentility, and it is this, rather than his love of authority and force, that might suggest an affinity with Fascism." This sentence in its untrue implication is an exact throw-back to the Little Englanders of fifty years ago. Again, are we better off because "in our day the idea of the nation has become doubtful and debilitated all over the world . . . ,

Men more and more think it best to postulate their loyalty either to their class, or to the idea of a social organization more comprehensive than that of the nation, or to a cultural ideal or a spiritual fatherland." Mr. Trilling, who hails "the 'Recessional' hymn" (note the article) as "a remarkable and perhaps a great national poem," does not seem to realise that the class war can be just as evil as any national conflict; in his reading of *Inclusive Verse*, which "you can read through" in two evenings, or even in a single very long one," he may have missed two lines in "The Islanders"—

Teraphs of sept and party and wise
wood-pavement gods—

These shall come down to the battle
and snatch you from under the
rods?—

which warn us that there are other calamities besides fights between nations; even Napoleon, fond as he was of war, shrank from the idea of a civil war. However, Mr. Trilling tells

us that "Kipling, then, must be taken as a poet" and a man of great gifts; he might have added that in Kipling's Imperialism there was always an idealism that most of his critics—on both sides of the Atlantic—seem to ignore. To assert, as does Mr. Trilling, that Kipling made them (the national virtues) "stink in the nostrils of youth" is simply not true; not all our young men of recent years belonged to Oxford Groups. To condemn a writer because his politics are not identical with those of his critic is neither literary judgment nor common sense. The late Professor Saintsbury told us that he considered Swinburne's "Song in Time of Revolution" a great poem, though the sentiments expressed in it were damnable. If Mr. Trilling would glance during a short evening at the critique by Mr. Andre Chevrillon it might help him to form a less biased judgment on a great literary genius.

BASIL M. BAZLEY.

Letter Bag

Correspondents are asked to keep letters for publication as short as possible.

"Prout"

Col. Pettigrew's comments and elaboration of my reference to "Prout" are interesting. The boy Kipling was apparently no admirer of his elder, and no doubt the two crossed swords from time to time during the four years of association between them. Mr. M. H. Pugh remained at the United Services College for twelve years after Kipling left. I think it is true to say he was generally liked by those boys with whom he came most in contact, specially during his last years at Westward Ho! He went on to Cranleigh School where he was a popular Housemaster.

Pugh's manner was such that boys not in his house might very well gain a wrong impression. Among his own

boys, Pugh was well liked, and this can be borne out by Old Boys today. Padre Campbell was Kipling's housemaster on joining, but he was shortly afterwards succeeded by Pugh. Col. Pettigrew's source of information on this point is not known to me, but the fairest judgment of Pugh's popularity cannot be assessed from the opinion of Kipling or boys who were not in his house.

H. A. TAPP.

Braeside, Lion Lane,
Haslemere, Surrey.

Information Wanted

In chapter viii of *Kim*, Kipling wrote:

"When first I dealt with Sahibs,
and that was when Colonel Soady

Sahib was Governor of Fort Abazai and flooded the Commissioner's camping-ground for spite," Mahbub confided to Kim as the boy filled his pipe under a tree, "I did not know how greatly they were fools."

According to my family records, this Colonel, afterwards Major-General Brooking Soady, was born in 1826, married Mary Dickson Home in 1852, and died in 1889. He was Governor of Fort Abazai in and around 1860.

I have been told that he was a holy terror to the natives. One story goes that a band of natives plotted to ambush him on a lonely road along which he had to go one evening. The Colonel was given the tip and told the exact place of the ambushcade by a friendly native. On approaching the place, he left the road and attacked the band in the rear. They were so taken by surprise that they fled and left him alone. Attributing his knowledge of the plot to supernatural powers they did not plot against him again. I have gathered that he gained a reputation for doing things in unorthodox ways. Can any of your readers give any information or tell any stories about him? And what were the circumstances of the flooding of "the Commissioner's camping-ground for spite"?

HENRY SOADY BELL.

60a Ridgmount Gardens,
London. W.C.1.

Two Questions

Your Journal has helped me so much in my reading of Kipling's stories and poems that I am emboldened to write and ask if any of your readers can tell me the answers to two small details that have interested me—

- (1) In chapter xvii of *The Naulahka* there is the following sentence: "Any horror, he argued, might jump out at him from the darkness in a country managed on the plan of a Kiralfy trick spectacle."
Who was Kiralfy?
- (2) In the story "Black Jack" (page 105 of uniform Edition of *Soldiers Three*)—"A Waster action" is referred to. It is dealing with a "skeleton" of the Martini-Henry rifle, used for demonstration purposes. Why was it called "Waster"? Who was he?

I believe this rifle was in use by the Army for about 20 years.—1871-1891. M-O-C.

[*Imre Kiralfy was a Hungarian impresario responsible for colonial and other exhibitions at Kensington when the century was young.—Ed.*]

Sixteen Portraits

I have been reading that admirable book "Sixteen Portraits of People Whose Houses Have Been Presented to the National Trust"—edited by L. A. G. Strong, and published at 18s. by the Naldratt Press. I wonder why the section devoted to Kipling and Batemans was given to Mr. Hilton Brown to write? I feel that that writer dislikes Kipling's outlook and it seems clear that he never visited Batemans when the Kiplings were living there—1903-1936. (Incidentally, thirty-seven is hardly "late in life" for a man who lived to be seventy.) I think, too, that if Mr. Brown had read Lady Milner's writings on the family, he might have avoided making mistakes not only about Kipling but also about Mrs. Kipling. The emphasis on the unhappy Vermont affair caused by an eccentric member of Mrs. Kipling's family, while the others were delightful people, seems to me unnecessary.

As to page 100, young children were sent home from India for very good reasons—health and education being the two most important. Referring to page 106, Kipling lived at Torquay and Rottingdean after leaving Vermont and before Burwash. R E HARBORD. Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts.

Mr. Hilton Brown writes:

"I fully share Mr. Harbord's wonder but—it happened. I just missed a chance of meeting Kipling at Batemans, which I shall regret all my life. Lady Milner's views are venerable, but, as Mr. Harbord is well aware, there is a good deal of evidence on the other side too.

I refuse to have the Vermont debacle played down. If I am at all able to understand and feel with R.K., it must have been crucial in his life. If Mr. Harbord will use his excellent imagination, he will show himself how hugely it must have been looming in Kipling's cosmos at the time when he took over Batemans—which is what

I was talking about. Nor will I agree in miscalling Beattie who, from all I have heard, was—or could be—as delightful as the other Balestiers. Delightful or riot, their influence on Kipling's life was critical; that was—and is—my point.

"The Brushwood Boy"

There is much in Mr. B. W. Allen's article with which I agree, having myself felt oppressed with George Cottar's faultless perfections, but more of it where it seems to me that he misunderstands the story altogether, and I could write a whole article in comment, but will limit myself to two points.

(1) It is hard for us, who have nearly all had more personal experience of fighting than George Cottar and his contemporaries ever dreamed of, to judge the impact of the story on the late-Victorian mind, but Kipling knew, and from contemporary comment he was successful, for he was trying here, as in "A Conference of the Powers," to show that the army officer was not the mere frivolous idler that he was generally represented to be.

(2) George Cottar's bride had been mystically ordained for him by Providence and so it is quite consistent that he should be devoid of ordinary sex interest till he meets her. Mrs. Zuleika's kiss, then, was the homage of her much tarnished soul to absolutely unconscious innocence where she had least expected to find it, and could only have been given when her passionate longings were at their lowest ebb. It would have been impossible under the Mediterranean moon.

The Winged Hats

In reply to Mr. Chevenix-Trench's query in the July number of the *Kipling Journal*, I would suggest that Kipling is crediting the Winged Hats with sound strategical appreciation in that the armed force of the enemy is always the prime objective. They were not coming as mere raiders but as would-be settlers and so wanted to clear the Romans out. I do not agree that they could assume that the army along the Wall could never spare a detachment to cut them off from their ships if they raided further south; and, on the other hand, that army was not

dependent, as a modern army would be, on a daily run of supplies along the road to York and London.

(LT.-COL.) BARWICK BROWNE.
Bournstream,
Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

Banderilla and Banderilleros

The compulsory exchange of a sea command for an appointment ashore has forced me to count my blessings, not the least of which is being able to get my set of Kipling out of storage, where it has been for too many years.

This has enabled me to check what appears to be a slip on the part of R.K. It is not comparable to his "Supreme Unction" for "Extreme Unction" (in his history of the Irish Guards) but that has been pointed out, whereas I can't recall any previous mention of this one.

In Macmillan's pocket edition of *Debts and Credits*, in the description of the bullfight in "The Bull that Thought," Kipling refers to one of the weapons as a BANDILLERA and its user as a BANDILLERO. According to my little book, they should have been BANDERILLA and BANDERILLEROS. This is a minor detail, but I feel that it is the sort of correction he would have been interested in himself. He was generally so accurate that even a trifling slip of this sort is news. It was mentioned to me by one of my brothers, but I refused to accept it till I had checked it myself.

Incidentally, a more recent writer has come to grief on the word. Enid Bagnold, in *The Loved and Envied*, refers to BANDERILLO,

(CAPTAIN, R.N.) P. W. BROCK.

Unrepentant

I feel honoured that my article on *The Brushwood Boy* should have been noticed by such distinguished authorities on Kipling as our Chairman, Colonel Stanford and General Sir George MacMunn, even though, like the former, I am unrepentant. May I suggest that both these gentlemen turn up "A Bank Fraud" in *Plain Tales from the Hills* and then decide for themselves which is the finer character, "Reggie Burke" or "George Cottar." B. W. ALLEN.
Cilrihw,

Narberth, Pembrokeshire.

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